

2/13/70

Dear Charlie,

With the formality possible in the country, knowing I would spend the entire day in Washington, at the Archives and in medical examinations, I picked up the mail at the post office, early, and read your letter of the 5th. It got me off to a good start. I am so glad you are getting married. I hope there is no hitch and nothing but happiness. I had sort of gotten the idea that you had developed a thing on men, all men, as a result of your unsuccessful marriage. Wonderful! If he needs a good immigration lawyer, I have a friend I might recommend. Name of Dean Andrews, New Orleans.

Your other point also brought back mostly pleasant and rather exciting memories, for the period right after I left your sofa was one of the most fruitful, most challenging, and most successful parts of my work. Some of it I just cannot talk about. Much like a novel, without the svelte girls. As you recall, I was looking for a rarity, a red-headed Cuban. I found him, interviewed him (on tape), found those who had worked with him, save one, in whom I had had an earlier interest, and he suddenly disappeared. I am inclined to believe this man's story, that the FBI reports are hogwash. There is the possibility, substantiated, that while they are fiction, there is also reason to have doubts about this one. Everyone else has melted, including a monk who became an alcoholic. In any event, I am confident this one had nothing to do with the missile crisis, for he was then in jail. However, on that same trip I blundered into something about which I have no doubt none of those you know have or will tell you the truth about that may very well have a relationship with that crisis. Much right now, no more. It is what happened as a result then, I am sure, less to the availability of the Zap film out there. Anyway, Tonaz is a bad book, but I think it likely the pattern for his "hero" figures in this. I don't remember whether there is a red-head in the book, though. But I found mine.

The problem with Ray is dual: knowing when he is truthful and when he is partly truthful and entirely untruthful; and the cupidity of that self-described tough - guy Guile, who he so easily could. Here again I can say no more now.

Please tell Jamie for me that I share her joy in cooking, once was pretty fair in some departments myself (including the national barbecuing championship, 1959), and hope she continues to learn and enjoy it. However, it is also a great joy to be able to read rapidly and with good understanding and to be able to write so that others will enjoy what you have to say, learn from it, or just hear from you. I'll reserve judgement about her progress during the past year until I see for myself. Best to you both,